THE

Counter Scuffle.

Whereunto is added

THE

COUNTER RAT.

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THE

Counter Scuffle.

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LEt that Majeſtick Pen that writes
Of brave King *Arthur* and his Knights,
And of their Noble Feats and Fights:
And thoſe who tell of Mice and Frogs,
And of the Skirmiſhes of Hogs,
And of fierce Bears and maſtive Dogs,
Be ſilent.
And now let each one liſten well,
While I the famous Battle tell,
In *Wood-ſtreet-Counter* that befell
In high *Lent*.
In which great *Scuffle* only twain,
Without much hurt or being ſlain,
Immortal honour did obtain
By merit.

One was a *Captain* in degree,
A strong and lusty Man was he;
T'other a *Trades man* bold and free,
Of Spirit:
And though he was no Man of Force,
He had a Stomack like a Horse,
And in his rage had no remorse
Or pity.
Full nimbly could he cuff and clout,
And was accounted, without doubt,
One of the prettiest Sparks about
The City:
And at his Weapon any way
He could perform a single Fray,
Even from the long Pike to the *Tay-*
lor's Bodkin.
He reckt not for his Flesh a jot,
He fear'd nor *Englishman* nor *Scot*,
For *Man* or *Monster* car'd he not
A Dodkin:
For fighting was his recreation,
And like a Man in Desperation,
For *Law*, *Edict*, or *Proclamation*,
He car'd not:

And in his Anger (cause being given)
To lift his Hand 'gainst good Sir *Stephen*,
Or any *Justice* under Heaven,
He fear'd not.
He durst his Enemy withstand,
Or at *Tergoes*, or *Calais* Sand,
And bravely there with Sword in Hand
Would greet him.
And noble *Ellis* was his Name,
Who 'mongst his Foes to purchase Fame,
Nor cared though the Devil came
To meet him.
And this brave *Goldsmith* was the Man
Who first this worthy Brawl began,
Which after ended in a Can
Of mild Beer.
But had you seen him (when he fought,
How eagerly for Blood he fought,
There's no Man but would have him thought
A wild Bear.
Imagine now you see a Score
Of madcap Gentlemen, no more,
Boys that do use to royst and roar,
And swagger,
Among

Amongſt the which were three or four,
That rul'd themſelves by Wiſdom's lore,
Whoſe very Grandſires ſcarcely wore
A Dagger,
A *Prieſt* and *Lawyer*, Men well read
In wiping Spoons, and chipping Bread,
And falling to (ſhort Grace being ſed)
Full roundly.
Whoſe hungry Maws no Sallets need
Good Appetites therein to breed,
Their Stomachs without Sawce could feed
Profoundly.
'Twas ill that Men of ſober diet,
Who lov'd to fill their Guts in quiet,
Were plac'd with *Ruffians* that to riet
Were given;
And (O great grief!) even from their Food
(Their Stomachs too being ſtrong and good)
And that ſweet place whereon it ſtood,
Be driven.
But here 'tis fitting I repeat
What Food our dainty Priſoners eat;
But if in placing of the Meat
And Diſhes,
From

From curious order I do ſwerve,
'Tis that themſelves did none obſerve,
For which nor Fleſh they did deſerve,
Nor Fiſhes.
But ſome (perhaps) will ſay that *Lent*
Affords them not what here is ment,
So much, ſo good, and that they went
Without it
Tis like: But if I add a Diſh,
Or twain, or three of Fleſh or Fiſh,
They either had, or did it wiſh,
Ne're doubt it.
Then wipe your Mouths, while I declare,
The goodneſs of this *Lenten* fare,
Which is in Priſon very rare,
I tell ye.
Furmity ſweet as any *Nut*, *The Supper.*
As good as ever ſwill'd a Gut,
And *Butter* ſweet as e'er was put
In Belly.
Eggs by the dozen, new and good,
Which in white *Salt* uprightly ſtood,
And Meats which heat and ſtir the Blood
To action.

As

As butter'd *Crabs*, and *Lobsters* red,
Which send the married pair to Bed,
And in loose Bloods have often bred
A Faction;
Fish butter'd to the Platters brim,
And Parsnips did in Butter swim,
Strew'd o'er with Pepper neat and trim;
Salt Salmons.
Smelts cry'd, Come eat me, do not stay,
Fresh Cod and *Maids* full neatly lay,
And next to these a lusty *Bacon Gammon*
Stuck thick with Cloves upon the Back,
Well stuft with Sage, and for the smack
Daintily strew'd with Pepper black;
Sous'd Gurnet,
Pickerel, *Sturgeon*, *Tench*, and *Trout*,
Meat far too good for such a Rout
To tumble, nose, and throw about
And spurn it.
The next, a *Neats Tongue* neatly dried,
Mustard and *Sugar* by his side,
Roches butter'd, *Flounders* fry'd,
Hot *Custard*,
Eels

Eeles boyl'd and broyl'd; and next they bring
Herring, that is the *Fishes* King,
And then a Courtly *Poul* of *Ling*
and *Mustard.*
But stay, I had almost forgot
The Flesh which still stands piping hot,
Some from the Spit, some from the Pot
new taken,
A *Shoulder*, and a *Leg* of *Mutton*,
As good as ever Knife was put on,
Which never were by a true Glutton
Forsaken.
A *Loyn* of *Veal* that would have dar'd
One of the hungriest of the *Guard*,
And they sometimes will feed full hard
Like tall Men:
And such as love the *Lusty Chine*;
But when that I shall sup or Dine,
God grant they be no *Guests* of mine,
Of all Men.
Thus the Descriptions are compleat,
Which I have made of Men and Meat,
Mars ayd me now while I repeat
The Battle,

Where Pots and Stools were us'd as Gins,
To break each others Heads and Shins;
Where blows did make Bones in their Skins
To rattle;
Where Men to madneſs never ceaſt,
Till each (furious as a *Beaſt*)
Had ſpoyl'd the faſhion of a Feaſt
Full dainty,
Whereon (had they not been accurſt)
They might have fed till Bellies burſt;
But *Ellis* ſhew'd himſelf the worſt
Of twenty;
For he began this monſtrous Brawl,
Which afterward incens'd them all
To throw the Meat about the Hall
That Even.

And now give ear unto the Jarr,
That fell between theſe Men of War,
Wherein ſo many a harmleſs Scar
was given:
The Board thus furniſht, each Man ſate,
Some fell to Feeding, ſome to Prate,
'Mong whom a jarring Queſtion ſtrait
was riſen:
For

For they grew hotly in diſpute,
What Calling was of moſt repute;
Twas well their wits were ſo accute
In Priſon.
While they diſcours'd the *Parſon* blythe
Fed as he meant to have the Tythe
Of every Diſh, being ſharp as Sythe
In feeding:
But haſte had almoſt made him choke,
Or elſe (perhaps) he would have ſpoke
In praiſe of his long thred-bare Cloke,
And breeding.
But after a deliberate pauſe,
The *Lawyer* ſpoke, as he had cauſe,
In commendation of the *Laws*
Profeſſion.
The *Law* (quoth he) by a juſt doom
Doth cenſure all that to it come,
And ſtill defends the innocent from
Oppreſſion;
It favours Truth, it curbs the Hope
Of Vice; it gives allegiance ſcope,
Provides a Gallowes and a Rope
For Treaſon.

This doth the *Law*, and this is it.
Which makes us here in Priſon ſit,
Which grounded is on Holy Writ
And Reaſon;
To which all Men muſt ſubject be,
As we by daily proof doe ſee,
From higheſt to the low'ſt degree;
The *Scholler*.
Noble, and *Rich*: It doth ſubdue
The *Soldier* and his ſwaggering crue:
But at that word the Captain grew
In choller:
He lookt full grim, and at firſt word
Rapt out an Oath that ſhook the Board,
And ſtruck his Fiſt, that the ſound roar'd
Like Thunder:
It made all skip that ſtood him near,
The frighted *Cuſtard* quak'd for fear,
And thoſe that heard it, ſtricken were
with wonder:
Nought did he now, but frown and puffe,
And having ſtar'd and ſwore enough,
Thus he began in language rough,
Thou cogging,
Baſe

Baſe, foyſting *Lawyer*, that doſt ſet
Thy minde on nothing, but to get
Thy living by thy damned Pet-
tifogging,
A Slave that ſhall for half a Crown,
VVith Buckram Bag, and dagled Gown,
Wait like a Dog about the Town,
And follow
A Buſineſſe on the Divel's part
For Fees, though not with Law nor Art,
But Head as empty as thy Heart
Is hollow;
You ſtay at home and pocket Fees,
While we abroad our bloods do leeſe,
And then with ſuch baſe terms as theſe
You wrong us;
But *Lawyer*, it is ſafer far
For thee to prattle at a Barr,
Then once to ſhew thy face i'th' war
Among us;
Where to defend ſuch thankleſs Hinds
The *Soldier* little quiet finds,
But is expos'd to ſtormy winds
And weathers;

And oft in Blood he wades full deep,
Your Throats from forrain Swords to keep,
And wakes when you ſecurely ſleep
In Feathers.
What could your *Laws* and *Statutes* do
Againſt invaſions of a *Foe*,
Did not the valiant *Soldier* go
To quell'm?
And to prevent your further harms,
With Enſign, Fife, and loud Alarms
Of warlike Drum, by force of Arms
Repell 'em?
Your *Treſpaſs Actions* will not ſtand,
For ſetting Foot upon your Land,
When they in Scorn of your Command
Come hither.
No remedy in *Courts* of *Poles*,
In *Common Pleas*, or in the *Roles*,
For joling of your *Jobbernoles*
Together.
Wer't not for us, thou *Swad* (quoth he)
Where would'ſt thou fog to get a Fee?
But to defend ſuch things as thee,
Tis pity:
For

For ſuch as thou eſteem us leaſt,
Who ever have been ready preſt,
To guard you and the *Cuckooes* Neſt,
your City.
That very word made *Ellis* ſtart,
And all his Blood ran to his Heart,
He ſhook, and quak'd in every part
with Anger;
He look'd as if nought might aſſwage
The heat of his enflamed Rage,
His very Countenance did preſage
Some danger:
A *Cuckooes* Neſt! quoth he, and ſo
He hum'd, and held his Head full low,
As if diſtracted Thoughts did o-
verpreſs him;
At length, quoth he, my Mother ſed,
At *Briſtow* ſhe was brought abed,
And there was *Ellis* born and bred,
(God bleſs him:)
Of *London* City I am free,
And there I firſt my *Wife* did ſee,
And for that very cauſe, quoth he,
I love it.
And

And he that calls it *Cuckooes* Neſt,
Except he ſayes he ſpeaks in jeſt,
He is a Villain and a Beaſt,
Ile prove it:
This Ile maintain, nor do I care
Though *Captain Pot-gun* ſtamp and ſtare,
And ſwagger, ſware, and teat his Haire
in fury;
And with the hazzard of my Blood
Ile fight up to the Knees in Mud,
But I will make my Quarrel good,
Aſſure ye;
For though I am a Man of Trade,
And free of *London* City made,
Yet can I uſe *Gun*, *Bill*, and *Blade*
In Battle:
And Citizens, if need require,
Themſelves can force the Foe retire,
What ever this *Low-Country* Squire
Do prattle;
For we have Soldiers of our own,
Able enough to guard the Town,
And Captains of moſt fair Renown
About it.

If

If any Foe ſhould fight amain,
And ſet on us with all his Train,
Wee'll make him to retire again,
Nere doubt it:
We have fought well in Dangers paſt,
And will do while our Lives do laſt,
Without the help of any caſt
Commanders
That hither come, compel'd by want,
With ruſty Swords, and Suits provant,
From *Utrick*, *Numigen*, or *Gant*,
In *Flanders*.
The *Captain* could no longer hold,
But looking fiercely, plainly told
The Citizen, he was too bold,
and call'd him
Proud Boy, and for his ſaucy ſpeech,
Did vow ſhortly to whip his Breech;
Then *Ellis* ſnacht the Pot, with which,
he mall'd him.
He threw the Jugg, and therewithall
Did give the Captain ſuch a mall,
As made him thump againſt the Wall
his Crupper:

The Scuffle.

With that the *Captain* took a Diſh,
That ſtood brim full of butter'd Fiſh,
As good as any Heart could wiſh
To Supper;
And as he threw his Foot did ſlide,
Which turn'd his Arm and Diſh aſide,
And all be-butter-fiſhified
Nick Ballat,
And he (good Man) did none diſeaſe,
But ſitting quiet and at eaſe,
With butter'd *Rockes* ſought to pleaſe
His Pallat;
But when he felt the wrong he had,
He rag'd, and ſwore, and grew ſtark mad,
Some in the Room been better had
Without him,
For he took holt of any thing,
And firſt he caught the *Poul* of *Ling*
Which he couragiouſly did fling
About him:
Out of his Hand it flew apace,
And hit the *Lawyer* in the Face,
Who at the Board in higheſt place
Was ſeated,
And

And as the *Lawyer* thought to riſe,
The Salt was thrown into his Eyes,
Which him of ſight in woful wiſe
Defeated:
All things near hand *Nick Ballat* threw,
At length his butterd *Rochets* flew
And hit by chance among the crew
The Parſon;
The Sauce his Coat did all be-wet,
The *Prieſt* began to fume and fret,
The Seat was butter'd which he ſet
His——on;
He knew not what to do or ſay,
It was in vain to *Preach* or *Pray*,
Or cry, *you are all gone aſtray*,
Good People:
He might as well go ſtrive to teach
Divinity beyond his reach,
Or when the Bells ring out, go preach
I'th' Steeple:
At this miſchance the ſilly Man,
Out of the Room would fain have ran,
And very angerly began
To mutter.

Ill Luck had he, for after that
One threw the *Parsneps* full of Fat,
Which stuck like Broaches in his Hat,
with Butter.
Out of the place he soon repairs,
And ran half headlong down the Stairs,
And made complaint to Master *Ayres*,
with crying:
Up ran he to know the matter,
And found how they the things did scatter,
Here a Trencher, there a Platter
were lying.
I dare not say he stunk for woe,
Nor will unless I did it know,
But some there be that dare say so,
that smelt him;
Nor could he blame him if he did,
For they threw Dishes at his Head,
And did with Eggs and Loaves of Bread
bepelt him:
He thrust himself into the Throng,
And us'd the vertue of his Tongue,
But what could one Man's words among
so many?

The Candles were all ſhuffled out,
The Vittles flew afreſh about;
Was never ſuch a Combat fought
by any.
Now in the Dark was all the coyl,
Some were bloody in the Broyl,
And ſome lay ſteept in *Sallad-Oyl*
and *Muſtard*,
The ſight would make a Man afeard:
Another had a buttered Beard,
Another's Face was all beſmear'd,
with *Cuſtard*:
Others were drawb'd up to the Knee,
With buttered *Fiſh* and *Furmitee*,
And ſome the Men could ſcarcely ſee
that beat'em.
Under the Board *Lludlin* lay,
Being ſore frighted with the Fray
And as the weapons flew that way
he eat 'em:
The Bread ſtuck in the Windows all,
Like Bullets in a Caſtle Wall,
Which furious Foes do ſeek to ſcal
in Battle.

will. Llu-ellen a *Priſoner there, ſometime the Keep-er.*

Shoulders of *Mutton*, and Loyns of *Veal*,
Appointed for to ſerve the Meal
About their Ears full many a Peal
Did rattle:
One of the under Keepers The which when *Owen Blany* ſpide,
Oh, take away their Arms he cry'd,
Leſt ſome great hurt do them betide,
Prevent it.
And then the Knave away did ſteal
Of Food that fell, no little deal,
And in his Houſe at many a Meal
He ſpent it.
The *Captain* ran the reſt among,
As eager to revenge the wrong
Done by the *Pot* which *Ellis* flong
So ſtoutly;
And angry *Ellis* fought about
To find the furious *Captain* out,
At length they met, and then they fought,
Devoutly;
Now being met, they never lin
Till with their loud robuſtious din,
The Room and all that was therein
Did rumble;

Instead of Weapons made of Steel,
The *Captain* took a Salted *Eele*,
And at each blow made *Ellis* reel
And tumble:
Ellis a *Pippin Pie* had got,
A sorer Weapon than the *Pot*,
For lo, the Apples being hot
did scald him
The *Captain* laid about him still,
As if he would poor *Ellis* kill,
And with his *Eele* with a good will
He mall'd him.
At length, quoth he, *Ellis* thou art
A Fellow of a couragious heart,
Yield now, and I will take thy part
Hereafter;
Quoth *Ellis*, much I scorn to hear
Thy words of Threats, being free from fear,
With which he hardly could forbear
From laughter.
Together then afresh they fly,
The *Eele* against the *Pippin Pie*;
But *Blany* stood there purposely
to watch'em.

The Weapons wherewithall they fought
Were those for which he chiefly fought,
And with an eager Stomach thought
to catch 'em;
But scap't not now so well away,
As at the *Veal* and *Mutton* Fray;
He thought to have with such a prey
his Jaws fed;
But all his hope did turn aside,
He lookt for that which luck deny'd,
For *Ellis* all be pippin-py'd
his Calves-head:
Wo was the case he now was in,
The hot Apples did scald his Skin,
His Skull, as it had rotten bin,
did quoddle:
With that one Fooll among the rout
Made out-cry all the House about,
That *Blany*'s Brains were beaten out
his Noddle:
Which *Lockwood* hearing needs would see
What all this coyl and stirr might be,
And up the Stairs his Guts and he
went wadling;

A Turn-key, a fat Fellow.

But

But when he came the Chamber near,
Behind the Door he ſtood to hear,
For in he durſt not come for fear
Of ſwadling:
There ſtood he in a frightfull caſe,
And as by chance he ſtir'd his Face,
Full in the Mouth a Butter'd Playce
did hit him.
A way he ſneak'd, and with his Tongue
He lick'd and ſwallowed up the wrong,
And as he went the Room along,
be -- him.
For help now doth poor *Lockwood* cry,
O bring a Surgeon or I die,
My Guts out of my Belly fly;
come quickly.
Blany with open Mouth likewiſe
For preſent help of Surgeon cryes,
Pity a Man, quoth he, that lies
ſo ſickly.
Phillips the skilful Surgeon then,
Was cal'd, and cal'd, and cal'd agen,
If he had skil to cure thoſe Men,
to ſhew it:

At length he comes, and first he puts
His Hands to feel for *Lockwoods* Guts,
Which came not forth as sweet as Nuts,
All know it;
He cryes for water; In the mean
One calls up *Madge* the *Kitchin-queen*,
To take and make the Baby clean,
and clout it,
Fast by the Nose she took the Squall,
And led him softly th'row the Hall,
Lest the perfume through Knees should fall
about it:
She turn'd his Hose beneath his Knee,
Nor could she chuse but laugh to see
That yellow, which was wont to be
a white Breech.
She took a Dish-clout of the Shelf,
And with it wip'd the sh--Elf,
Which had not wit to help it self
Poor---Breech;
Thus leaving *Lockwood* all berayd,
Unto the mercy of the Maid,
Who well deserved to be paid
For taking
Such

Such homely pains: Now let us caſt
Our thoughts back on the ſtirr that's paſt,
And them whoſe Bones could not in haſt
Leave aking.
And like the Candles, ſhall my Pen
Shew you theſe Gallants once agen,
Which now like *Furies*, not like Men,
Appeared.
Freſh lights being brought t'appeaſe the Brall,
Shew twenty mad-Men in the Hall,
With Blood and Sauce their Faces all
Beſmeared.
Cloathes rent and ſouc'd in Drink,
Oyle, *Muſtard*, *Butter*, and the Stink
Which *Lockwood* left, would make one think
In ſadneſs,
That theſe ſo monſtrous Creatures dwell
Either in Bedlam, or in Hell,
Or that no Tongue or Pen can tell
Their madneſs.
They were indeed diſ-figured ſo,
Friend knew not Friend, nor Foe Man foe,
For each Man ſcarce himſelf did know;
But after,

A frantick ſtaring round about,
They ſuddenly did quit their doubt,
And loudly all at once brake out
In laſter.

The heat of all is now alaid,
The Keepers gently do perſwade,
And (as before) all friends are made,
Full kindly.

Ellis the *Captain* doth imbrace,
The *Captain* doth return the Grace,
And ſo do all Men in the place,
As friendly.

By *Jove* I love thee *Ellis* cry'd,
The *Captain* ſoon as much reply'd
Thou art, quoth he, a Man well try'd:
And *Vulcan*.

With *Mars* at odds again ſhall be,
E're any jarrs twixt thee and me,
And thereupon I drink to thee
A full Can.

And then he kneeld upon the ground,
Drink't off (quoth *Ellis*) for this round
For ever ſhall be held renownd,
And never

May any Quarrel twixt us twain
Arise, or this renew again,
But may we loving friends remain
For ever.
Amen cry'd the *Captain*, so did all,
And so the Health went round the Hall,
And thus the Famous *Counter Brall*
was ended:
But Hunger now did vexe 'm more
Than all their anger did before,
They searcht i'th Room how far their store
Extended.
They want the Meat which *Blany* stole;
One finds a *Herring* in a Hole
With Durt and Dust black as a Coal,
And trodden
All under Feet: The next in post
Snaps up and feeds on what was lost,
And looks not whether it were rost
or sodden.
A third finds in another place
A piece of *Lug* in durty case,
And *Mustard* in his fellows Face:
Another

Eſpies, and finds a Loaf of Bread,
A Diſh of Butter all beſpread,
And ſtuck upon anothers head
i'th pother.
Thus what they found contented ſome;
At length the Keeper brings a Broom,
Meaning therewith to cleanſe the Room
with ſweeping,
But under Table on the Ground,
Looking to ſweep, by chance he found
Luellin, faining to be ſound-
ly ſleeping:
He pul'd him out ſo ſwift byth' Heels,
As if his Bum had run on Wheels,
And found his Pocket ſtuft with *Eels*;
His Cod-piece,
Did plenty of Proviſion bring,
Somewhat it held of every thing,
Smelts, *Flounders*, *Roches*, and of *Ling*
A broad piece:
At this Diſcovery each Man round
Took equal ſhare of what was found,
Which afterwards they freely droun'd
in good Drink,
For

For of good Beere there was good ſtore,
Till all were glad to give it o're,
For each Man had enough and more,
That would drink:
And when they thus had drunk and fed,
As if no Quarrel had been bred,
They all ſhook Hands and all to Bed
did ſhuffle:
Ellis, the glory of the Town,
With that brave *Captain* of renown,
And thus I end this famous *Coun-*
ter Scuffle

To the Reader.

THis Bacchanalian Night-prize of the Counter-Scuffle, being thus finiſht, hath ever ſince frighted both Priſoners and Jaylors from coming into any Room for fear of a ſecond Uproare. So that the Counter for want of ſweet garniſhing, and cleanly looking to, is grown ſo naſty, that no Man (by his good will) will thruſt his Noſe in at any of the Grates: Nay, will rather go a Mile about, than come near it; Though to keep it ſweet a great deale of Mace is ſtuck upon every Sergeant, as if he were a Capon in white Broth.

Upon this ſlovenlineſs, it is wofully haunted with Rats; not ſuch Rats as run up and down in Brew-houſes, ſucking the new Wort of ſtrong

Beer so long, and in such abundance, that half the City is compelled to drink Beer as small as Water; Nor those Rats which are not meally Mouth'd in Bake-Houses, where they gnaw so many Batches of Bread, that a Penny-loaf wants sometimes three or four Ounces in weight. And then the honest Baker is blam'd, and curs'd, and (perhaps) innocently set in the Pillory.

Neither are they those Rats, which greaze their Throats in Tallow-Chandlers Shops, where they nibble so much upon Candles, that not one Pound in an hundred is ever full weight.

No, these are no Rats with four Legs, but only two; and though they have Nests in a thousand places of London, *yet for the most part they run but into two Rat-Traps, that is to say, the Counters of* Wood-street *and the* Poultrey, *and for that cause are called Counter-Rats.*

How caught, how mouz'd, and what they are,
This Picture lively doth declare.

THE
The Counter Rat.

OF Knights and Squires of low degree,
Of Roaring Boyes that ſnick and ſnee,
Of Battoon-Dam-me's that cry bree,
I ſing now.
At Men and Women, (Bawds and Whores)
At Pimps and Panders that keep Doores,
At all that out-face Vintners Scores,
I ſling now.
What ſling I? Nothing but light Rhimes,
Not tun'd as are Saint *Pulker's* Chimes,
No Steeples heighth my Muſe now climes,
But flyeth
Cloſe to the Ground as Swallows do,
When rainy weather muſt enſue,
She flies, and ſings, and if not true.
She lieth.

Lay (*Hocus Pocus*) thy Tricks by,
Let *Martin Parkers* Ballads die,
Thy Theaming likewise I defie,
O *Fennor.*
Let *Hogsdon* Scrapers on their Base
Sound Fum-fum-fum from totter'd Case,
Nor Mean, nor Treble now take place,
But Tennor;
A Counter Tennor is that Note,
Too easie; -- tis nere sung by rote,
But got with wetting of your Throat
with Claret,
Or stout *March*-Beer, or *Windsor* Ale,
Or Labour-in-vain (so seldom stale,)
Or *Pymlico*, whose too great Sale
Did mar it.
He that me reads, shall fall out flat
With *Homers* Frog, and *Virgils* Gnat,
And *Ovids* Flea, which so neer sat
The Moon-shine;
For I of stranger Wonders write,
Of a wilde Vermin got each Night,
Mad Bulls i'th dark, but Guls in sight,
Of Sun-shine.

My

My Metamorphosis is rare,
For Men to Rats transformed are,
And then those Rats are Pris'ners fare,
O pity!
But tis good sport to see them dress't,
To garnish out a Morning Feast,
Each bit being salted with a jest
Scarce witty:
These are not Rats that nibble Cheese,
Or challenge mouldy Crusts for Fees,
And rather will their long Tayles leese
Then Bacon;
No, these are they whose Guts being cram'd,
(As Cannons, hard with Powder ram'd)
And Bag-pipe-Cheeks with Wines enflam'd,
Are taken
By Constables and Bill-men eke,
Who speak no *Latin*, *French*, nor *Greek*,
But are Night Scources out to seek,
Night sneakers;
Who late in Tevems up do sit,
Whiffing Smoke, Money, Time and Wit,
Pouring in Boules till they out spit
Full Beakers.

These (then) being to the Counter led,
Each Pris'ner shakes his shaggy Head;
And leaning half out of his bed
A laughing,
Falls, -- and cryes out -- a Rat, a Rat,
Oh! roares another, -- Is he Fat?
If not, -- fley off his Cloak or Hat:
Thus scoffing,
Till morn they lie, -- The poor Rat gets
Into some hole, -- besides his Wits
To hear such catter-woulling fits
So fright him:
But Day being come, -- all up do rise,
And call for Beer to clear his eyes,
A Garnish then the whole Room cryes:
They bite him.
Ask any how such news I tell,
Of *Woodstreets* Hole, or *Poultreys* Hell?
Know, I did 'mongst those Gipsies dwell
That cozen there,
I mean the Turn-keys, and those Knaves,
Who rack (for fees) Men worse than Slaves,
I saw brought in with Bills and Glaves,
Some dozen there.

For I one Night by Rug-Gowns caught,
Was for a *Rat* to th' Counter brought,
What there my dear experience bought,
I'le sell ye
Cheaper than I could have it there,
For they for Tokens Throats will teare,
But such as 'tis, fill with the chear
Your Belly.

Prick up your Ears, — for I begin
To tell what *Rat*, by Night came in,
Caught without Cat, or Trap, or Gin,
But mildly
Being call'd before the Bench of Wits,
Who sit out midnights Bedlam-Fits,
But some being rid, like Jades with Bits,
Ran wildly.

First, about twelve, the Counter-Gates
Thunder'd with thumpings, — Doors & Grates
Reeld at the Peal, — when our Prison-mates
Up starting
Saw in the Yard a frantick Swarm,
Crying, O my Head, Neck, Sides, Leg, Arm,
Sore had the Fight been, but small harm
At parting:

It

It was a Watch, ſwearing we bleed,
But 'twas their Noſes dropt indeed;
Maſters (quoth they) we charge ye take heed
Of him there.

A Roaring Rat.

THat Royſter us to our trumps has put,
and run our Beadle th'row a Gut,
His Bilbo has from each Man cut
A limb here:
They gone, up comes the *Bredah* Bouncer,
His Tusks ſtiff-ſtarcht like a brave Mounſer
Of Turnbull puncks, a ſtaring Trouncer,
Some knew him;
Why here, quoth we? why? zounds becauſe
I rugg'd with Bears, and par'd their Paws,
But ſure I mauld *Mr.* Conſtables Jaws,
O ſlew him;
All's one -- ſayd one, pleaſe you to bed Sir?
He (ſwearing) roar'd, I'm better bred Sir:
I ſcorn to rock my Harneſs-Head Sir,
In Feathers;
Give

Give me Brick, Sir, for my Bolſter,
An Armorer ſtill is my Upholſter,
In Froſt, ſnow, muck-hils I can roll Sir,
Hang weathers.
Rogue, fetch me a ſweet Truſs of Straw,
To fire thy tail. – *Pox* a this Law,
That coops a Soldier like Jack Daw;
Iſt treaſon?
Raſcal! more Claret, There's none here, Sir,
Why then (you mangy Cur) ſome Beer, Sir,
There's not a Tapſter dares come neer Sir:
Thy reaſon?
Becauſe you thwack out ſuch huge words, Sir,
His wezand fears them worſe than Swords Sir,
Mum then, – I'le take a nap o'th boards, Sir:
He ſleeps there.

A Croſs-Leg'd Rat.

A Puritan Taylor then came in,
Who to take meaſure out had bin,
And (maudlin-drunk) to rince his ſin,
He weeps there.

Weeps to be cal'd a Rat, being known
A Man at leaſt, --ſo down being thrown
On a hard Bench, thus did he groan
In ſorrow:
Brethren, where am I? One reply'd,
In *Wood-ſtreet* Counter, --O my Pride!
Thou art tane down, and I muſt hide
Too morrow
A Head that was not hid before,
Wo worth him makes *Manaſſes* roare;
But die I may not in his ſcore,
Believe me,
For conſolation I eſpy
Through my ſweet Spaniſh Needles eye,
The Sifters will (if here I lie)
Relieve me:
Sifters i'th' Counter! oh no: here
Only the wicked ones appear,
Waſh then thy ſhame in briniſh Tear,
Confeſſing,
Th'art rightly puniſht for thy Yard,
And for thy Gooſe that graz'd too hard,
And for ſome Stuffs which thou haſt marr'd
With preſſing.

We ask'd him why he was brought in?
Black Threds of vice (quoth he) I ſpin;
And then agen did thus begin,
Condoling;
All are not Friars I ſee weare Cowls,
Nor all in minc'd ruffes, milk-white Souls:
I ſhould have talk'd thus, when the bowls
Were trolling:
But then, to ſteal I held no harm,
Lappets of Drink to keep me warm,
But linings wet, hurt, though they arm,
Indeed la.
O would my Sheers might cut my Thred:
Why is this croſs-leg'd miſchief bred?
Mending my want from Heel to Head
With ſpeed-la.
Sorrow has made me dry, -- No matter,
Out of mine Eyes will I drink Water,
No other Ram my brains ſhall batter,
To kill me;
Roof, touch no more Wines, French or Spa-
All Drinks Papiſtical I baniſh, (niſh,
Out of my Lips this Phraſe ſhall vaniſh,
Boy, fill me-

One bid him call for Beer, he fed,
Oh! No more Beer, but reach me Bread;
By that I'le ſwear Would I were dead,
And rotten.
When I again will ought but Whay,
Yet left (being cold) my zeal decay;
Hot Waters ſhall not be one Day
Forgotten.

An old gray Rat.

THis done, he nods, and quickly ſnores;
And then afreſh wide flie the Doors,
An Uſurer hedg'd in with mad Whores,
Came wallowing
As does a great Ship on the Seas,
Set on by Gallies, for all theſe
Where Fiſh-wives, who had Wine at eaſe
Been ſwallowing;
And blown him up with penny-pots,
Of Sack, which fall to him by lots,
Paid him at Weeks end by th' old Trots,
For ſhillings
Each

Each Monday lent them, - to buy Skate,
Crabs, Plaise, and Sprats at *Billingsgate*;
Thus then they met, and hold thus late
Their drillings.
He rests in peace - but is not dead,
Yet is Worms Meat in louzie bed,
And lies like one wrapt up in Lead,
None stir'd him,
But all his Oyster-mouths gap'd wide,
(Wine in their Guts was at full Tide)
The Devil did so their Rumps bestride,
And spur'd them:
They flung and wine'd, and kickt down Stairs
Themselves, and stampt like Flanders Mares;
Hell is broke loose, - No Keeper dares
Approach them;
For, at that Dog (besawc'd in Sack)
They grind their Teeth, and curse him black,
Crying out, 'Tis thee does break our Back,
And broach them
So fast, that all their gains doyl out,
Deep-red to dye his pockie snout,
But that which flung these brands about
So hotly,

'Gan now to quench them, ſleep does ſound
Retreat, dead-drunk they all lie drown'd
In caſt-up wine, -- and on the ground
The ſhot lie.

A Black Rat.

SCarce was this helliſh dinn allay'd,
But drencht in Mire, with Drink beray'd,
(New curried) was brought in a Jade
All Mettle;
An Eſtridg that Iron Barrs could eat,
And ſtrong-Beer out of Sea-Coals beat,
His Fiſty-Cuffs did the Watch fret
And nettle.
This ſecond ſmug, who had the Staggers;
This Vulcaniſt, whoſe Nails were Daggers;
This Smith ſo arm'd in Ale, he ſwaggers
At ſnoring:
Though lockt up, yet ſet up his Trade;
Bolts, Hinges, Barrs, and Grates he made
Fly, -- which being heard, the Jaylors payd
His roaring.
They

They furniſht him with Iron enough,
Neck, Hands, and Legs had Armour tough,
And ſtronger (but more cold) than Buff,
To guard him.
How did they this? none durſt come near him,
Like Tom of Bedlam did they fear him,
All bringing Cans, to pledg them, ſwear him,
So ſnar'd him;
Yet, for all this he danc'd in's ſhackles,
And cry'd, t'other Pot, I want more tackles,
And thus (till break of Day) it cackles,
Layd having
The addle Eggs of his turn'd Brains,
In his Iron neſt of ruſty Chains,
Which made him loſe both ſenſe of pains
And raving.

A Long-tail'd Rat

THe next that in our little Eaſe
Came to be bit with Lice and Fleas,
Was a ſpruce Knave, like none of theſe,
But ſober,
As

As the Strand May-pole, -- he did go,
In ruff, -- His Thumb th'row ring did ſhow
A Gentleman ſeal'd, -- for he was no
Hog-grubber.
It was a Petty-fogging Varlet,
Whoſe Back wore Freez, but Bum no Scarlet,
And was tane napping with his Harlot,
At noddy:
But being hal'd in, his Hair he rent;
And ſwore they all ſhould dear repent
Their baſeneſs, -- for no ill he ment
To her body.
The Priſoners ask't then what ſhe was,
(Quoth he) my Client -- One well to paſs,
Though here they impound me like an Aſs,
I'le ferk them;
I'le make the Beadle pluck in's Horn,
He flirted at my Noſe in ſcorn;
The Watch ſhall ſtink, the Conſtable mourn:
I'le jerk them;
Hang them (if need be) for they broke
Her Houſe, -- That's Burglary, -- The Clock
Scarce counting two, -- Then they ſtruck
o'th'mazzard
An

An Action of ſtrong battry! Good!
They made my Noſe then guſh out Blood,
(One more!)--And that I miſt the Mud
Was hazard.
Here's Law in Lumps:--muſt, when to trial
My Client comes I have denial,
For ingreſs to her, by Scabs? A Ryal
I enter
At Midnight,--a plain Caſe,--elſe *Ployden*
The Caſe is altred;--ſhall each *Hoyden*
Bear Law her courſe; Dare ruſtick *Royden*
So venture?
A Farthing-candle burning by,
By chance his rayling rage did die,
Yet to his Breaſt, Revenge did cry:
So churning,
His Brains for Law-tricks how to ſting them,
And up to all the Barrs to bring them,
He ſate, hard twiſting Cords to wring them,
Till Morning.

No more of this light skiping verſe,
A dreerie Tale I now rehearſe.

LOng this brown ſtudy did not laſt,
But in at Compter-Gates as faſt
Throng'd in the Watch agen, a noiſe
Of ſcraping Men and ſqueaking Boyes,
Straight fill'd the Houſe. The Two-penny (Ward
Leap'd up, and fell a dancing hard: Out at the Hole, all thruſt their Heads,
The Knights Ward left their ſeven groat (Beds
The Maſters ſide hearing the din Swore, that the Devil was ſure brought in;
But when they heard they Fidlers were,
Some curs'd the Noiſe, ſome lent an Ear;
None curs'd, but what went drunk to bed,
Being then for want of drink halfe dead.

Lock'd were the Fidlers in a Room,
All cry'd, Strike up, Play Rogues, Fum-fum,
The Minnikin tickled, roare did the Baſe,
Then bandy Songs all ſleep muſt chace;
The Men played heavily, the Boys did whine,
Not ſeeing Meat, Money, Beer, nor Wine,
Up ſuch a laugh the Priſoners took,
That the Beds danc'd, and Chambers ſhook,
Nay, the ſtrange hubbub did ſo pleaſe,
At Priſon-bace ran both Lice and Fleas,

The

The Rozzen rubd off and Cats-Guts wearie,
We ask'd, how they who made Men merrie
Grew ſad themſelves, And why (like ſprits
Fidlers being ſtrung to walk a Nights,
Were they lock'd up? One then, i'th Eye
Putting his Finger, told us why.
Quoth he; Being met by a mad Crew,
In theſe poor caſes--up they drew
Our Fidles, and like Tinkers ſwore
We ſhould play them to the blue Bore,
Kept by mad *Ralph* at *Iſlington*,
Whoſe Hum and Mum, being powr'd upon
Our Guts,--ſo burnt'em, we deſir'd
To part;--being out'oth houſe een fir'd:
As our Hands play'd, our Heads were plied,
And tho' the Night was cold, we fried;
For ſuch hot Waters ſod our brain,
Like Daws in *June*, we gap'd for Rain,
Strong were our Coxcombs, our Legs weak,
We nor our Fidles had wit to ſpeak.
The company then being faſt aſleep,
And we paid ſoundly, out did creep
Into the high-way--O ſweet Moon!
We, but for thee, had been undon:

Yet, though thy Torch to us was lighted,
We all might well have been indited,
For breaking into others ground,
Three in one Ditch being almoſt drown'd
Yet out we ſcrambled, and a long (throng,
The Play-Houſe came, -- where ſeeing no
We ſwore 'twas ſure ſome ſcurvy Play,
That all the People ſo ſneak'd away,
And ſo the Players deſcended were,
To th' Starres, Nags-Head, or *Chriſtopher*.
To all thoſe Taverns (we cry'd) let's go,
At which one fell, and then ſwore -- No,
The Bars in *Smith-field* well we paſt,
For all the Watch had run in haſt,
Arm'd with chalk'd Bills, wak'd by a cry
Of Whore-dorps tane by th' Enemie.
From *Cow Croſs* ſtood thoſe Stoves not far,
In which were entred Men of War,
(Low-Country-Souldiers late come o'r)
Each one going in to preſs a Whore:
Leaving them preſſing on we trot
Through the Horſe-Fair, till we had got
Into the middle of Long-Lane,
Where up the Devil doth Broakers train.

There

There down we fell, and then fell out,
Our Leathern Caſes flew about;
We fenc'd, and foyn'd, and fought ſo long,
That all our Fidles lay halfe unſtrong,
Their backs were broke, and we oth' ground,
Swouning for grief they did not ſound;
Our noyſe brought up from Alderſ-gate
The rugged Watch who before ſate
Nodding at the old Mermaids Doore,
Who with a Guard of half a ſcore
Seiz'd us, and cry'd, at going away,
Sad *Lachrimæ* you there ſhall play.
This told, the Priſoners laught't out-right,
And though the whole Ward had no light,
Yet from their beds all skipt and crie,
Scrapers, Strike up, we the Watch defie.
The Moon ſo bold was to look in,
And ſaw ſome only in their skin,
(Naked as Cuckoes when *June's* paſt)
Some had long Shirts down to their Waſt,
Some wanted back-parts, ſome an Arm,
None wore a Shirt could keep him warm,
A *French* Boy, that ſweeps Chimnies, wears
His patch'd up Frock as white as theirs:

Some on their Heads no Night-Caps wore,
Some lapp'd their browes in Hoſe all tore.
They hobble about, they friſk, they ſing,
So long, that crackt was every String,
By their rude Horſe-play altogether,
Flinging their Leggs they car'd not whither.
Such horrid noiſe, ſuch ſtinking ſmell
Cannot be heard nor felt in Hell:
Yet o're they gave not, till the Sun
Aroſe, then all to bed did run.

Good morrow.

THe Rats into the Trap that fell
This night were few:-- the Conſtable
Belike did wink, and would not ſee;
For, when the Winds riſe, his watch and he
Toſs all that venture on their Waves;
TheRocks being brown Bills, Clubs &Staves,
On which they ſplit them:-- Theſe and they
When Morning comes are fetch'd away;
Thoſe Rats ore Night whoſe ſhapes did leeſe
Being ſoon turn'd Men, by paying but Fees,
Yet ſome loſe Tail, ſome are ſcracht bare,
Whilſt Conſtables and Counters ſhare.

FINIS.